

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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MANY of our readers will have seen the joint letters of Signor Dragonetti and Mr. Vincent Novello, addressed “To the Proprietor of the Musical World,” since they have been printed in the form of a circular, and have no doubt been widely distributed. An explanation of this matter is due to all parties concerned, to the public, to our friends, to the complaining, and to the complained of; and the explanation we shall offer will be such as to make those of our readers who may not have seen this circular, as fully acquainted with all the circumstances of the case as those who have. In our 165th Number, published on the 9th inst., there occurs, in our notice of the Fifth Philharmonic Concert of the present season, the following passage:—“An incident occurred involving a painful surmise which is worthy of record: Dragonetti, whose wonderful power and services can never be replaced, was reported to be ill; but at the moment Sir G. Smart raised his baton, the huge contro-basso, with its polished surface, made its appearance, a sure indication that ‘Il Drago’ was close at hand; all was suspended for a few minutes, when Lindley escorted his *better* half into the orchestra, amidst a tumult of applause. We regret to state that age and illness are now making sad havoc with this venerable artist.” This, we repeat, was written in our publication of Thursday, the 9th instant. On the Thursday following, that is on the 16th instant, the date of our next publication, we received a letter from Mr. Vincent Novello, on behalf of Signor Dragonetti, complaining of the above paragraph, and demanding the insertion of this letter in our next number. Now, it must be obvious, even to those least *au fait* of such matters, that as this very number was being printed at the time of our receipt of this letter (strictly speaking, at the time of our agent, Mr. Hooper’s receipt of it, since we did not get it until Friday), it was impossible for us either to insert it in the required number, had we been so inclined, or to notice its having come to hand. But in the succeeding number (last week’s)

VOL. XIII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

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our first opportunity for so doing, we willingly embraced the occasion of giving the only *amende honorable* we could offer to the talented and estimable individual whose feelings we had so unconsciously and unwittingly hurt, in the following terms:—

"SIGNOR DRAGONETTI.—It gives us pain to learn that the remarks concluding our notice of the Fifth Philharmonic Concert, intended to have reference only to the *personal* appearance of this distinguished performer, should be considered injurious to his reputation. We are induced to publish some explanation, in consequence of having received a letter from Mr. Novello on the subject, intemperately written, with good intentions no doubt, but under a very mistaken feeling. We yield to none in admiration of the unrivalled powers of Dragonetti, and, although we can bear testimony to the unabated vigour of his *musical* powers, yet we regret to say that his usually bright and animated physiognomy indicates a very perceptible and recent change. An *artiste* with the musical temperament of Dragonetti is ever secure from that havoc which affects those whose powers are limited solely to mechanical dexterity, and it is pretty generally known that the *anima* of the musician never wanes, and had we proof of 'Il Drago' being less efficient than he is wont, we should have particularized the instance."

In the interval, however, it appears, between our last publication, in which the above explanatory paragraph was inserted, and our receipt of Mr. V. Novello's letter of the 15th inst., a second letter was addressed to us by this gentleman—which has never reached either our Agent or us. The first notice we had of this having been the case, was our finding at Mr. Hooper's, on Monday morning last, when we called to inquire if any communications had been left for us, the printed circular in which are published the *two* letters; viz., the one which we had received on the day of publication, and the receipt of which we had acknowledged at our first opportunity for so doing, and the one which we never received. This last letter is dated May 20th; and in it Mr. V. Novello urges the charge of "ungentlemanly behaviour" against us for not having replied to his first letter—which it will have been perceived, from the above facts as to dates, it was beyond our power to have done *publicly* sooner than we did, and the whole tenor of his letter induced us to believe that his desire was for a public reply—and threatens us with inserting the said letters in all the principal newspapers, unless we send an answer to this second letter, dated Monday evening, May 20th, "*before ten o'clock to-morrow morning.*" This threat, we find from the circular, was not put into execution, on account of the expense of inserting the letters in the papers, where, as a matter of course, they would have been charged as advertisements; and, therefore, we quote the circular, Signor Dragonetti "has preferred communicating his case to his musical friends through the medium of the present circular letter; which, he flatters himself, will prove equally satisfactory to them, and not less effectual in answering the purpose he has himself in view, in placing the real facts of the case on record, for the information of those who may feel an interest in ascertaining the exact truth of the case."

The above is a circumstantial narrative of things as they have happened. We have purposely abstained from all comment, in order that the case may speak for itself as plainly as words can put it. But, since the complaining parties have taken the law into their own hands, and have assaulted us for what they conceive *malice prepense* on our side, we claim the privilege of warding off their blows, though, unless pushed beyond forbearance, we have no desire to retaliate. We have proved that we did not receive Mr. V. Novello's letter in time

for insertion, even had we been desirous of giving it a place in the number for which its writer destined it. But, assuredly, respect for him would have induced us to withhold it, as the same feeling induces us now. It is couched in a strain which we are sure that he could not have employed except at a moment of high excitement; and, as the expressions of the most gentlemanly at such moments are the reverse of measured, we conceived, and we conceive so still, that we best show our estimation of Mr. Novello by simply referring to it. And, in the name of all that's sensible, what was there in the obnoxious passage to wound Signor Dragonetti to the heart's core, and to call forth such an explosion of wrath from his friend? The remark out of which all this "coil" has arisen, was contained in the following very innocent words:—"We regret to state that age and illness are now making sad havoc with this venerable artist." It was an expression of unaffected sorrow, that time should at last begin to lay his hand heavily on one whom all admire, and whom his friends so warmly estimate. But, observes Mr. Novello, "The natural inference which your readers will draw from the above assertion, is, that Signor D.'s professional abilities are deteriorated by the united effects of his advanced age and bad state of health; and that, consequently, he is no longer capable of fulfilling his duties in the orchestra with the same skill and efficiency as formerly." We do not think that this is "the natural inference," but we allow that such a one *may* be drawn, and seeing, at Mr. Novello's suggestion, the double meaning which *might* be attached to our words, we explained them, as we have above shown, at the first opportunity, by stating that they were "intended to have reference only to the *personal* appearance of this distinguished performer." Nay more, we are delighted to subjoin the following critical estimate of Signor Dragonetti's powers from Mr. V. Novello's letter:—

"As to his present style of playing, and his mode of fulfilling his very responsible situation and important duties in the orchestra, I unhesitatingly take upon myself to maintain, that his incomparable performances are distinguished by the same peculiar and delightful qualities as ever; the same power, variety, beauty, and delicacy of tone; the same vigour and contrast in his method of bowing; the same accurate precision in keeping the time, and the same perfection of intonation; the same profound judgment in his different mode of accompanying different singers and concerto-players, according to their various characteristic peculiarities of style; his ready tact and promptness in supporting and animating the exertions of those performers who are liable to become nervous; his clear, rapid, and distinct articulation in the *staccato* parts, and the even smoothness of his *legato* passages; his firmness and decision in keeping a large band steadily together, and his marvellous power in *pulling them right*, if they happen to go wrong; his strict attention to all the *pianos*, *mezzo pianos*, *fortes*, and *fortissimos*, and the minutest shades of difference in the gradation of tone in the *crescendos* and *diminuendos*; his exquisite taste and acute discrimination in finding out the most effective and *musician like* notes and the most refined and beautiful passages, in every bass part that he has to perform, united to his unrivalled talent in being able to execute them in such a manner as to render their beauty prominently evident to the audience; in all these respects, as well as in many others which I do not think it necessary to enumerate, Signor Dragonetti is *just as ever*; and, in a word, 'age and illness' have *not* made 'sad havoc' upon him; but he is still as *great*, superior, inimitable, and unapproachable an artist upon his grand instrument as he has always been universally acknowledged to be, by all his admiring brother professors and every other competent judge."

The difference, then, between Mr. V. Novello and ourselves amounts to this; that so far as we are able to see and judge, we have noticed "a very perceptible and recent change" in a countenance, the animation of which we have so often

admired, whilst Mr. Novello asserts the Signor to be "one of the strongest, most energetic, and vigorous men of *his age* now living:" which may, in fact, amount to a difference in terms only, and be, indeed,—a distinction without a difference.

But, admitting, for argument's sake, that we had been influenced by the *animus* attributed to us, and had desired to injure the Signor "in the formation of his present and future professional engagements," we ask, could we have done this injury? Could our words have had this mischievous effect as regards a man so eminent in his profession? "The Musical World," we are proud to think, exerts a legitimate influence in its own peculiar domain; still, could we be betrayed into prostituting that influence to an ungenerous or unworthy purpose, a moment's reflection would convince us that the attempt would recoil, and deservedly and fatally so, on ourselves. But the idea of our being able to injure Dragonetti, had we the wish, does seem to us altogether preposterous.

Were we as apt to take fire, and to infer insinuations, and to advance charges as Mr. Novello seems to be, we could "turn the tables" upon him, without any extra-exertion. We might allege, that there was design in one, so conversant with these matters as he must be, forwarding a letter for insertion to a weekly publication at an hour which he must have known was too late for the purpose; and then, without waiting to see whether there would be a reply the ensuing week, despatching a note in the evening of one day, and requiring an answer before ten o'clock on the following morning,—thus allowing no time for the chance of the person written to being out of the way. "Sharp practice this," as the lawyers say! In all this we might as naturally infer a *design* in him to create a pretext for attacking and calumniating us, as he infers from the very common circumstance of a phrase's bearing two interpretations, that we intended, when we wrote, the worst interpretation to be put upon it by our readers. We might go further, and quite as naturally take it for granted that the whole was a conspiracy both to blacken our character as a man and to try to ruin our work. Even viewed in their most favourable light, we might urge that these proceedings were so conducted in order to have an excuse for lavishly abusing some individual obnoxious to Mr. Novello, whom he chose to fancy the writer of the few words out of which has been blown this "monstrous pother." We state these things merely to prove how easy it is to draw "natural inferences," if so minded, and altogether, as we have said, for argument's sake, not with the remotest idea of urging them seriously.

As to Mr. Novello's demand of our giving up the name of "the author of the paragraph" complained of, he must know it to be puerile. What journal gives up the names of its contributors? We can say, however, and truly, that the author need not be ashamed of owning his name, nor we of having given admission to the paragraph—but, supposing that we should allow of such an avowal, a thing altogether inadmissible, what would Signor Dragonetti then do? Surely, "vigorous," as we rejoice to hear that he is, he would not appeal to the *duello*!

Mr. Novello's abuse of our contributor and of ourselves we treat as the words of an angry man, and are sorry, for his sake solely, that they should have been

uttered. Nay, we sincerely respect the sense of friendship which has led him into actions and language so intemperately warm, and think the higher of Signor Dragonetti's good qualities for having inspired it. If he be the man we take him for, we think he will be ready to own that he has done us injustice—at all events, our own conscience acquits us of all wrong and of all angry feeling towards Signor Dragonetti, or himself, and having explained our conduct to our readers, we confidently leave the decision in their hands.

PAULINE GARCIA'S MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR.

After Malibran's death unfavourable reports of her father, Garcia, were circulated, erroneously perhaps, rather than purposely. But, however this be, it is certain that no parent ever displayed more solicitude than he did for the welfare of his children. He was indefatigable in his care of their musical education, and every one knows what an admirable teacher of singing Garcia was. Pauline Garcia had the misfortune to lose her excellent father whilst she was still a mere child, her celebrated sister being at the time barely old enough to undergo without danger to her health the severe practice necessary to attain eminence in her arduous profession; yet the little Pauline had been already marvellously prepared by her father for her future studies. Shortly afterwards Madamé Garcia visited Paris for a brief period, taking up her abode with Adolphe Nourrit, who had been a pupil of her husband's, and whilst there an artist of high rank, an intimate friend of hers, but probably not aware of the peculiar nature of a vocal education, and of the superiority of the system pursued by the Garcias in this respect, thought to serve and cheer the unfortunate widow by persuading Rossini to become Pauline's teacher, and communicated the intelligence to her with heart-felt joy. To his unutterable surprise she declined the offer. He was astounded at her conduct, and could not comprehend by what strange fatuity she was induced to refuse the kindness of the great *maestro*, the master-spirit of his age, and prefer to him her son, Manuel Garcia, a youth scarcely known in the musical world, and still further declare her determination to become Pauline's instructress herself should her son be unable to join them. His professional engagements detained Manuel in Italy, and then, confident in her own resources and that soundness of the principles on which the school of Garcia is founded, this exemplary mother applied herself to her task of love. How she has fulfilled it the result has proved; and deep are the thanks due to her for the wisdom of her decision from every true lover of the art! The history, indeed, of this family of *virtuosi*, which has given the world three singers of the highest rank though of dissimilar merit, the two sisters Malibran and Pauline, and their sister-in-law, Madame Manuel Garcia, the first the pupil of her father, the second of her mother, and the third of her husband, would be a kind of phenomenon were it not capable of a very simple explanation, and this we shall shortly endeavour to show our readers.

ON THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

[The following article is from the pen of a gentleman who formerly supplied us with our "Theatrical Summary," a branch of *The Musical World*, which he has promised us again to undertake. We need hardly observe that theatrical criticism is all but defunct now-a-days. It is intrusted in our leading papers even to anybodies, who write any how—just as we are writing at this moment. Our friend, it will be perceived, assumes the character of an offended newspaper critic; and what between his sly hit at his assumed brethren and the fine exposition of the Quarterly Reviewer, the present unfortunate state of the stage, in all respects, may be tolerably well estimated; as may the course of conduct and the characters of the opinions which will be maintained by our contributor in his future "Theatrical Summaries."—*Ed. Mus. W.*]

In the last number of *The Quarterly* there is a review of the "Memoirs of

Charles Mathews;" and in this review there occurs a masterly passage on Theatrical Criticism, on which, as it more immediately concerneth *us*, we purpose offering a few remarks. For convenience sake we shall separate it into distinct paragraphs; but we recommend our readers before they peruse our comments (*i. e.* if they have stomach for such a task) to read the said paragraphs in succession, so that they may feel the force of the passage as one connected whole. The reviewer begins with observing:—

"It seems to be strangely forgotten, by people who criticise theatrical performances, that not only the composition, but the representation, of the drama, is an art, and a very complicated one, requiring, for the due comprehension and appreciation of it, a combination of faculties and experience certainly not less, perhaps considerably greater, than are needed for the just estimate of the efforts of an artist in any other department. Whatever of taste and of cultivation is requisite to form an opinion upon painting, sculpture, architecture, decoration, is requisite to judge accurately of the scenic art, which combines all these, and combines with them those two other subtle and evanescent elements—motion and speech. The picture on canvas will wait for examination, re-examination, reflection. The critic who doubts (we speak not of coxcombs who never doubt at all) may pause, and return, and decide after deliberation. But the picture on the stage—the passion expressed in countenance, voice, and gesture—this deep and rapid tide of feeling wait for no observer's leisure. So it is also with the lighter representations, with the graces, and with the manners, that flit along the scene. Unless the critic can catch them living as they rise, and in the one moment of their rising—unless he have principles of judgment ready stored in his mind to which each swiftly succeeding impression can be referred as it passes—he is not a skilful guide nor a competent reporter."

Our first comment on the above will take a personal character from the tone held by the reviewer. Can he be aware of whom he is speaking when he talks of "*people* who criticise theatrical performances." We tell him that the names of Lockhart, Milman, Southey, and Croker, Quarterly Reviewers though they be, are neither so well nor so widely known as those of the Joneses Browns, Smiths, and Robinsons, who are by him termed *people*. It is due to our brethren and self to notice an expression so irregular and out of order from one literary man towards others. But the same self respect which prompts the notice, bids us dismiss the subject at once with the silence of high-breeding. A more serious lapse on his part, since it clearly compromises his judgment, is the expression "we speak not of coxcombs who never doubt at all." The reviewer alludes to critics, for he explicitly says, immediately before, "the critic who doubts." Now we turn to Richardson's Dictionary, the best authority on the English language, and there find that the word "*critic*" is derived from κρίνω, "*to discern, to judge*," and that the meaning of "*criticise*" is there given, "*to examine, investigate, or inquire into—to pass sentence*; and we beg to be informed who is the *coxcomb*—he, who undertaking to pass sentence—doubts, or he who can judge—without any doubt at all? Singularly enough it happens that the writer quotes an anecdote from the very book he is reviewing which might have saved him from so gross an error as to suppose *doubt* admissible on any important subject: it is that of the interview between Tate Wilkinson and Mathews, and the point to which we more particularly refer, the observation of Tate, when Mathews replied "I hope so, Sir," to his query of "Have you a good study?"—"Why (in a voice of thunder) arn't you *sure*? A critic, Mr. Reviewer, should be *cock sure*!" He proceeds—

"Thus it happens that persons possessing naturally fine faculties, but unaccustomed to the theatre, are often far less accurate judges of scenic talent than people of much inferior capacities, who by long connexion with the stage, and by a careful observation of nature with a view to stage expression, have acquired a general acquaintance with dramatic effects, and fixed a certain standard of them in their minds."

The purpose and the *animus* of the reviewer here become manifest. His insidious aim is to elevate his own class at the expense of *ours*. But the bungling manner in which he has executed the task leaves us little credit in refuting him. He first lays down various requisites as essential to form a dramatic censor, which may seem a formidable list to him and other inexperienced individuals, but which we assure him go for nothing with *us*, and then, in the very teeth of his argument, avers that "*persons possessing fine faculties*" are "*far less*

accurate judges of scenic talent" than "people of much inferior capacities." The truth clearly is, that he and his brother reviewers have found that if they pass an opinion on a play or an actor without waiting for the verdict of a paper, they are in the wrong nine times out ten; and hence the present deliberate, concerted, and matured, but poor and vain attempt to detract from a body of men, who, it may be safely pronounced are *sui generis*! He seeks, too, to conceal his design, by graciously conceding to us "a careful observation of nature." A flimsy mask which we tear aside to expose his own ignorance to greater ignominy, for we tell him to his confusion that *we* have no need of observation, and still less of careful observation, since we are *born* critics! Our knowledge comes to us by intuition. We could show him men—*monstrarier digito*—who, though in their swaddling clothes when Kemble said farewell to the stage, descendant on him as contrasted with the towering genius of the day, with *equal* truth, knowledge, and justice. It is an indisputable fact, that an insufficiency which will disqualify a man for any other department of a paper, is no let or hindrance to his assuming the theatrical. The boy is as competent as the man; the illiterate as the literate; he who has neither seen a great actor nor is acquainted with the drama of his country further than with the names of the more popular writers, as he who has both seen and read with a votary's enthusiasm. *Ours* is not a mechanical art to be acquired by labour or study. It is self given; and so great is the prescience vouchsafed to the favoured few, that we have known those who could tell before they entered the doors of a theatre what their opinion would be when they came out. But to further extract:—

"The criticism of the stage, then, requires not only a familiarity with the general principles of art, an eye for form, and grace, and colour, and a correct and susceptible ear, but a considerable knowledge of the world, and a long attention to the working of the passions in the vast variety of gesture, tone, and countenance, by which different men betray, or subdue, or dissemble them. This variety in the expression of passion is complicated also by accidental circumstances—all of which demand a certain knowledge and a certain calculation of their effects. The same passion, in two persons of the same natural character, presents a totally different aspect, according to the society and sphere of life in which those two persons have respectively lived. We remember to have heard Mr. Kemble say, when somebody was referring to the common story that Garrick had collected the beauties of his *Lear* from a visit to Bedlam:—'The excellence of Garrick's *Lear*, as I apprehend, was not that it represented ordinary madness, but that it represented the madness of a dethroned king. It might have been a most accurate copy of the general distortions of the patients in Bedlam, without bearing any resemblance to the royal and poetical lunatic of Shakspeare.' Such considerations as these, we admit have been disregarded by actors who have yet had great reputations, and who, provided they could produce what they called effects of nature, cared little whether their nature was truly that of the character in hand. In fact, the more ordinary, coarse, and unrefined, were the nature they portrayed, the more likely was it to be recognised by, and come home to, the large majority of their audience. There is a wide range of passionate sounds and abrupt motions, pluckings of the hair, galvanizings of the fingers, rubbings of the breast, growlings, gaspings, and gurglings in the throat, which, under strong emotion, would break forth from men of almost all kinds in the rude states of society and manners. The highest ranks of every civilised community have banished these unseemly expressions from their circles and habits, which now, therefore, in all the refined and heroic characters, have ceased to be appropriate or true; but they are always to be seen among the lower orders when excitement runs high: and, as this is the exhibition of passion which the greatest number of every audience have seen in real life, it is the sort of passion which the greatest number think most natural on the stage, without considering that what is a natural expression of feeling in an alehouse brawl, becomes grossly unnatural in a dispute of honour between educated men. When the Allied Sovereigns, during their visit to England, were entertained at the Mansion House, a little statue of Napoleon, beautifully executed in confectionary, was handed round among the principal guests. The Emperors looked at it calmly, and said some passing word of Bonaparte's fallen fortunes; but the Cossack, Platoff, clenched his teeth, and growled at the model of his vanquished enemy as a terrier would at a caged rat. The modern fashion has been too much to reduce all characters, however elevated, and even heroic, to the Platoff or terrier level; and, unquestionably, if this principle be once admitted as the true one, and the higher distinctions of character swept away, to let in a low universal average of nature, instead of preserving the wonderful and beautiful varieties of degree and modifications which exist in actual life, from its lowest note to the top of the compass, acting becomes a much easier art, and criticism a much more ordinary science."

Now, the foregoing is certainly free from any very glaring grammatical errors; it is plain, understandable, and might once perhaps have passed muster even in the columns of a paper; but it is, as our readers will have perceived, far behind the movement of the age. The writer does not penetrate beyond the surface of things. The nicer lights and shades, the subtle harmonies, and the under-currents of nature, are impalpable to his grosser sense. He would probably call a cowslip a cowslip, and would never see with the fine inner light of a microscopic mind, that all the sweets of the garden may, to a poetic imagination, be concentrated in a daisy. He writes after a fashion which many years since might, we dare say would, have been termed criticism. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela!* The highest efforts of our modern dramatic art, as exemplified in the practice of the best actors, authors and critics, are directed to the breaking down of those distinctions, those arbitrary and conventional distinctions, which, with old-fashioned and illiberal prejudice, he would fain perpetuate. The great object of art is to conceal art—*ars est celare artem*—and most effectually is this done now-a-days by the three classes just mentioned. They know that man, however modified, is essentially the same; and to keep this important principle more surely and clearly before the public, they reject all modifications whatever. Thus, we could take him to plays impregnated with attic salt, in which we would defy the most lynx-eyed to discern any specific or distinctive difference of character; actors, whose personation will puzzle him to say whether they are enacting *Alexander* or a drummer-boy; and critics—may we, without an offensive vanity, include some of our own profounder triflers—the depth of whose lucubrations no plummet with which we ever sounded could fathom. We at length know that man is a “naked forked animal;” that the true poesy of nature and of art lies in their simplest and most unsophisticated forms; and, so great has been the success in reducing every province of the drama to what the reviewer blindly terms a “low universal average of nature,” that we can now take him to a national theatre to enjoy the plays of SHAKESPEARE recited with so true a sense of humanity that, unless aware they were written in verse, we will defy any mortal being to imagine he was hearing aught but prose.

We ask him, in reference to his remark on the alteration of manners and habits in the higher circles, requiring a corresponding change in the bearing and demeanour of the actor, whether he would have an *Iago* represented as a TALLEYRAND, or a *Richard* as a NAPOLEON. We might ask many more such triumphant questions. But we forbear to press the reviewer further, and hasten to give his peroration; he concludes, then, as follows:—

“Nor is it merely with respect to the actor’s conception that inexperienced critics are in danger of misleading themselves and their followers; they are as liable to error about the execution as about the design; for it is not only possible that an actor may represent a higher personage with too low a tone of habits and feelings, but, probable, also, that he may overdo even a character of lower life, as by copying too minutely, even though quite accurately some physical coarseness of vulgar passion. Such excesses are not within the proper design of dramatic poetry, whose province is to select and combine, for scenic representation, the beauties of natural emotion, and not to draw into observation what is intrinsically disgusting, however natural it may be. Then, what the author should aim at, the actor should second, and not strive to get a separate and illegitimate attention for himself, by outrunning and overflowing the character entrusted to him. The favourite maxim of Mrs. Siddons, who studied her art as an artist, and could give a reason for her expression of every clause and passage of every part she played, was that particular instruction of *Hamlet* to the players wherein he tells them, ‘In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind, of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness!’ All this, and much more, a dramatic critic should know and keep ever present to his mind; and we only forbear to press the subject further, from the fear that our readers, remembering *Rasselas*’s interruption of Imlac in the enumeration of the requisites for a poet, should jump to the conviction that no man can ever be a theatrical critic.”

So ends the reviewer’s tirade. We smile at the insinuation conveyed in his concluding words—a smile of ineffable disdain and conscious “pride of place.” Our *exposé*, although we write with the least possible severity, and with as little keenness of wit as a vivid sense of the ridiculous will allow, has been so search-

ing and complete, that we spare him the humiliation which would attend an analysis of this last paragraph. Our readers will now understand, and the reviewer will feel, the withering sarcasm of the praise with which we commenced this article. It is not in our nature to exult over a prostrate foe, but we think that we have read him and "all his tribe" a lesson which will teach them to beware of again overstepping their sphere—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*. But, let us forbear.

As a hint that we have not exhausted a tithe of the chastisement we could inflict, we would have him remember that nothing could be easier than to turn the tables by "an enumeration of the requisites for a reviewer;" we would pray him to try to explain to himself how an actor can ever be a "Star," unless he "strive to get a separate and illegitimate attention for himself;" and we beg him to "keep ever present to his mind" that his sneer at the "alehouse" is the most convincing proof of his incompetency to handle the subject which is now like hot iron searing his fingers, since the merest apprentice tyro knows that there is the *Hippocrene*, whence author, actor, artist, and critic draws their chief inspirations. We bid him think on BYRON and on GIN.

"Solventur risu tabulae."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Correspondent who has forwarded to us the annexed letter, has given us his name and address.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR—Knowing that you are always ready to attend to any just complaints that the public may make to you when they consider themselves unfairly dealt with, and to expose the same in your valuable journal, I doubt not but that you will consider the complaint I now lay before you, as one that fully deserves to be made known, and that you will thus do your best to prevent the public being subject to the whims and caprices of singers, &c. I remain, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

VERITAS.

I attended Mr. Benedict's concert last Wednesday, and took a box for the occasion ten days or a fortnight previous. On the tickets, which were sent to us from Messrs. Cramer and Co. on the Monday before the day of the concert, the hour named was *two o'clock precisely*, therefore at that hour myself and party were prepared to attend. On the morning of the concert, I was much surprised and vexed to find that on the programme *half past one* precisely was named for the concert beginning, and at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s I was given to understand that the latter hour I have mentioned, viz. *half past one*, would, in all probability, be the time of beginning. As it was impossible, owing to circumstances, that myself and party could be at the concert before *two o'clock*, the hour on our tickets, we thus lost *half an hour* of the performance, when Messrs. Benedict and Dohler played their grand duet, which we particularly were desirous of hearing. Doubtless numbers besides myself were losers in not hearing this great musical treat, owing to Mr. Benedict not choosing to keep faith with the public as to the time of commencement.

In most instances we should have replied to the following letter in our "Notice to Correspondents," and should not have dreamed of inserting it; in the present we give it admission on account of reasons, which we will explain when criticising the opera referred to, our opinions on which we hope to give next week.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have abandoned your intention of giving an "Elaborate Analysis" of Mr. Rooke's new opera, for which I have looked anxiously, but in vain, in your two last numbers? As the opera of *Henrique* has been performed no less than five or six times, it must, notwithstanding its temporary withdrawal, be considered as a work fairly before the public; and I doubt not that many, besides myself, have awaited with considerable interest the expression of your opinion upon its merits.

I had the pleasure of being present upon the first, and two subsequent nights of its representation; and, as I took no farther interest, either in its production or eventual success, than as a warm admirer of Mr. Rooke's compositions, I could not but feel, I

regretted the withdrawal of the opera, principally because so long a time must necessarily elapse before I could again enjoy a repetition of the performance.

I am not aware whether any other reasons than the sufficiently obvious one, of the advanced state of the present season, have dictated the withdrawal of the opera; but as there are, doubtless, many who would imagine that the approbation manifested by those who heard the music was not such as to warrant the continuation of the performance, it should, I think, in justice to the composer, be publicly recorded that its success was unquestionable, while the disadvantages under which it was produced were extreme.

In support of the former of these assertions, I appeal to those persons who were present upon any one of the nights on which the opera of *Henrique* was performed; and in confirmation of the latter, I need only remind you, that the night of its first representation was that on which "Il Don Giovanni" was produced for the first time this season at Her Majesty's Theatre, and that opera nights were most injudiciously selected for every one of the subsequent performances. I have the honour to be Sir, very obediently yours,

London, May 28, 1839.

AN AMATEUR.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Grisi's benefit, for which Donizetti's opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* is promised to be produced, has been advertised for two successive Thursdays and has been twice postponed. This is a wilful imposition on the public, since it has been well-known in musical circles that Mario, the tenor expectant, could not be here at the time announced, and he is the attraction on the occasion. As to treating the public with disrespect, the public is used to it at the Opera from the lamplighter upwards; and we say—kick John Bull hard, it may awaken him at last. We should desiderate to see how such doings would be tolerated, if played off on her Majesty's faithful subjects in any theatre within the Irish portion of her dominions. M. Laporte would remember the *toleration* he would experience, all the days of his life.

A little *divertissement* took place on Tuesday evening during the performance of *Norma* here. Signor Tati was struck dumb at the very moment he should have taken up his part in a new *scena*. Signor Tati was hissed. Signor Tati left the stage. The curtain fell. Laporte came forward, said that the audience had blighted the Signor's prospects, and that his heart was too big to give fair play to his voice. Laporte asked what was to be done. Audience replied—Rubini. Laporte gave audience to understand that Rubini would see them d—d before he'd sing *Pollione* for them. Suggestion from the stalls, made by a single voice, to get on without a *Pollione*. The *imbroglio* increased, but was suddenly cut short by Tati's taking "heart of grace" and going through the part.

We will inquire into this business, on which we entertain sundry disagreeable suspicions.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—Madame Dorus Gras repeated at the Society's fifth concert, on Monday evening, the two songs with which she made her *debut* at the Philharmonic last week. The writer of the notice of that concert became poetical in his admiration of this very charming person, and we don't wonder at it. Yet are we not quite as enthusiastic as he. Her voice has something of the hardness peculiar to the French school of singing, which still retains the impression of the "*urlo Francese*" of the olden time; and there is at times observable a cold, elaborate correctness of execution which verges on the mechanical. We say this chiefly in reference to her style of singing the romance of "*Va dit-elle*" from *Robert le Diable*, in which she astonishes rather than inspires. But we heartily agree with our fellow-labourer in the musical vineyard, in all his ecstasies, and should do so even were they ten times more rapturous, at her "bewitching manner" of giving Auber's playful melodies in the *cavatina* "*O Tourment du Veuvage*" from his *Cheval de Bronze*. The different sensations, however, which we experienced from her performance of these two songs, very probably arose from the strict nationality of her expression. Gallic seriousness and sentiment are artificial products; but archness, *coquetterie*, and the captivating *malice prepense* of sunny smiles, frank deportment, and tones with *mille nuances* of meaning, are the genuine qualities to be found alike

in the Parisian *belle*, in the pride of the village, or in the light-hearted grisette. The fact is that we admire her powers in the one song, but are bewitched by the other. Our transports were insensibly beguiled into gentle channels by Lindley and Corelli, who followed the entrancing "tourment du"—by the bye, what an enviable man is Monsieur Dorus—to recover, however. Let not the reader be surprised at our thus coupling the names of Lindley and Corelli. They are synonymous, identical, or at least the one lives in the violoncello of the other. Howell and Hutton did their devoirs in the trio, like good men and true! Of the instrumental pieces which formed the staple of the evening's entertainment, the overture to *Der Freischütz* went off the most smoothly and effectively, and the last movement was loudly encored—a novelty this at any rate with a composition so bethumped in every quarter. Spohr's symphony "The powers of sound" with which the first part opened, suffered a little mystification in some of the passages, and the conductor and the band were occasionally at variance; but this is no novelty. Tamburini sang thrice in the course of the evening, and walked back to favour us with a repeat of the "Non piu Andrai" at the solicitation of a solitary encore. Blagrove led; and played besides one of Mayseder's concertos, not merely with accustomed purity of tone and facile execution, but with a *verve* unusual to him, and which we were delighted to recognize. The concert room (her Majesty's Theatre) was crowded.

MOSCHELES AND DAVID'S CONCERT.—If the Hanover Square Rooms had not been filled up to the door on Saturday morning last, considering the attraction offered by these eminent artists in addition to their own recommendations, we should have disbelieved the evidence of our senses. However, we had no reason for such metaphysical doubts. The most powerful of the several spells conjured up in the programme, was a grand concertante for three pianofortes, entitled "Hommage à Beethoven," composed by Moscheles, and played by Madame Dulcken, Dohler, and himself. In this, the composer has linked together several of the most beautiful vocal and instrumental subjects of the mighty master with considerable taste; the principal being from the *Adelaide*, the Captive's Chorus in *Fidelio*, and the symphony in D minor. The performance of this composition in the hands of such artists, left nothing to be desired. The energy and enthusiasm of the lady on whom devolved the more florid passages, the smooth, gliding touch and taste of Moscheles, and Dohler's eloquent power were all gloriously displayed, and produced a powerful effect. David played the already well-known Fantasia on a Russian theme, with the ease, freedom, and sparkling expression which characterize him to exuberance; and in a duet with Moscheles from Beethoven's Op. 47, he gave the "full value of every note" with the feeling and precision of a sound and conscientious musician. Moscheles also played a new Concerto Pastorale of his own composition, full of very pleasing subject and well-adapted phraseology, with the exception of its close, which was uncharacteristic and unexpressive. The only other instrumental performance which we feel called upon to notice, was Puzzi's Fantasia, in which he introduces very felicitously Rubini's *fioriture* in the popular aria from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. We were carried to the Swiss mountains by Madame Stockhausen, and were reminded of all that is faulty, and much that is commendable in the French dramatic school of singing by Mdle. De Riviere. Ivanoff addressed the ceiling as he usually does: and Miss Birch gave the "Ah no la Rosa" as we have heard it from her before, very sweetly, very truly as to intonation, very clearly as to execution, and as we are likely to hear it from her a dozen times before the concert season is over; a one song peculiarity in singers more notable than commendable.

MR. NEATE'S SOIREE.—The second of this gentleman's soirées took place on Thursday evening last, and was most numerously attended; Mr. Neate, we are happy to say, was sufficiently recovered from the illness which prevented his presiding at the pianoforte at his first soirée. The selection was excellent, and comprised in the instrumental portion, Mozart's quartet in E flat, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53, Weber's Invitation pour la Valse, and a Divertimento by Mr. Neate, for two performers, played by the composer and his pupil, Miss Manwell, who made her first appearance and executed her task in a creditable manner. The

vocalists were Miss Hawes, who was most deservedly encored in Winter's Fine song "Paga Fui," Mr. Hobbs, Miss Ward, Mr. A. H. Toulmin, and Herr Kroff. Mr. Chatterton performed a Fantasia on the harp, and Mr. Hausman on the violoncello, on a theme from Zampa. Miss Ward made her first appearance in a song by Mr. Neate, but was evidently suffering from timidity.

MR. HAWES'S CONCERT.—This concert is always dear to the lovers of those sterling compositions which are the pride of our English school. The melodies of Webbe, Purcell, and Calcott, are sure to be heard there, delightfully sung, and, meet companions to their's, the sweet notes of the too long silent Bishop. We ever have, too, a glee from the pen of the *bénéficiaire*; and better still, a song, or ballad, by his talented daughter, impregnated with delicate and original thoughts, and sung with the intensity of true feeling. We can especially speak thus with truth of the new ballad this young lady sung on the present occasion; but save us, why throw away music and expression on such common places as the following:—

'Tis very sweet to love thee, Maiden—very sweet to woo,
And 'tis sweet to tell a tale of love—with thee to tell it too;
For surely thou art sweeter than the gently wafted breeze
That has swept the scented blossoms through a grove of orange trees;
The strongly perfum'd jessamine, the sweet clematis tree,
And the rose's purest essence are not half so sweet as thee.

This is the butter-woman's trot to market. Our space is contracted, and we must forbear farther remark although sufficient remains to deserve it. Willis's room was filled.

REVIEW.

Allegro Grazioso, for the Pianoforte, composed by William Sterndale Bennett, Op. 18.

Three Diversions as Duets for the Pianoforte, composed by William Sterndale Bennett, Op. 17.

The Royal Academy of Music, ought certainly to be proud of a pupil such as Sterndale Bennett, whose talents have won not only the regard of his countrymen, but of the most distinguished German composers—out of the leading strings of the Academy, he has chosen a path for himself, unfettered by the whims and caprices which too often beset rising talent, and destroy it in its growth.

Neither of the works of this youthful composer, under our notice, are difficult, and therefore they might with much advantage replace the ordinary pieces of music used by teachers, for they are in themselves studies of the most delightful kind, and while forming the hand, will serve to form the taste of the pupil—a matter of no little importance, and which if more frequently attended to, would have its good effects upon music generally. The *Allegro Grazioso* contains capital practice for both hands, it reminds us much of Mendelssohn, and in its character resembles the *Lieder ohne Worte* of that composer,—the melody with its accompaniment in the treble for the right hand, and passages requiring an extension of the left hand, and much practice to execute neatly, in the bass. The three "Diversions" as they are called, are of an easier kind, and will be found both short and pleasing.

Philanthropy.—Recitative and Air, especially dedicated to the incorporated Society of Licensed Victuallers, written by Jesse Hammond, Esq., composed by Charles Healyer.

Melody rather pretty, but not tempting enough to induce many persons to untie their purse strings.

The Parting Hour. Canzonet composed by Thos. Graham, Organist of the Chapel for the Deaf and Blind Asylum, Manchester.

This song describes in very moving terms the pangs of separation; but when it

is our fate to experience such an affliction, we sincerely trust to have it enlivened by a more sprightly strain. It is, however, within the compass of any singer, who, by infusing a little expression, may render it pleasing.

The Bee and the Lily. Ballad by Charles Blondell.

The music is of a lively character, and well adapted to the words.

Bees' Wings. The words and melody by C. Barnwell Coles; arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, by T. Cooke.

Mr. T. Cooke has arranged a sort of waltz movement, descriptive of the brightness of bees' wings, with his accustomed ability. The song does not boast much originality, although our partiality to fine old Port makes us concur in his sentiment.

You Love me Not. Ballad composed by J. P. Knight.

We recommend any young man suffering from the perfidy of a deceitful fair to try what this ballad may do towards reclaiming her. It is exceedingly pretty, and the accompaniment nicely phrased.

They say that I am gay, Love. Ballad composed by J. P. Knight.

Much in the style of the last, and reflecting credit upon the musician.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MLLE. MEGUILLET, a pupil of Nourrit's, and an established favourite of the Parisian public, has just made a most successful *debut* at Naples, in Donizetti's opera of *Belisario*.

We learn from good authority that Paganini's health is rapidly improving. The mild air of Provence agrees with him so well that he is enabled to resume his accustomed daily walks; he recently played two matches at bowls (*aux boules*) a game of which he is passionately fond, and in which he excels. He has recovered those fundamental supports of the system, his good spirits and his appetite, and gains strength daily. However, he still labours under the entire loss of his voice, which he seems as far from regaining as ever; and his being altogether, a nervous complaint, his violin is still strictly *tabooed*.

CHEAP SOIREES.—Geoffrey Shortbow, a country amateur, in his amusing letters to the editor of the "Cheltenham Looker-on," gives the following recipe for getting up a *Soiree Musicale* on the lowest terms:—"Take a lady possessing a large mansion, who has two or three daughters; then take a pianoforte-teacher, who has a good deal of influence among professional persons, both vocal and instrumental. Let the lady and the teacher put their heads together for half-an-hour, before a slow fire, then let each issue out cards of invitation to a *Soiree*; the lady to the nobility and gentry, and the teacher to his or her professional friends—who, to oblige him or her, will attend and exercise their talents *gratuitously*. The lady will have the credit of having given a splendid concert, which must have cost her nearly a hundred pounds, had the *artistes* been paid, as in honour, they ought to have been. The dose to be repeated as often as the simples can be culled together—without expense."

Our friend Geoffrey was little aware, perhaps, that this *recipe* has been in use for many years; it was brought over to this country from the continent; and many a lady fair has profited by it; but the liberal lovers of the art consider it in the light of *quack medicine*, which ought to be heavily taxed or extensively *exposed*.

BUNN OUTDONE.—The most magnificent representation, during the 17th century, was that of this opera of *Berenice*, set by Freschi, and performed at Padua in the year 1680, with a splendour of decoration, which excels even the gaudy pageant of our modern theatres; one chorus alone, consisted of one hundred virgins, one hundred soldiers, one hundred cuirassiers, forty cornets, and six trumpeters on horseback; six drummers, six ensigns, six sackbuts, six flutes, six octave flutes, six harpers, six cymbalists, twelve huntsmen, twelve grooms, eighteen coachmen, six pages, and two lions. There were at that period no less than seven theatres for the performance of operas, in Venice alone.

Since the Duke of Wellington will be the director of the forthcoming Ancient Concert, the following account of the musical talents of his Grace's father comes *apropos* to the time:—"During the peaceful times in which he flourished,, Garret, Earl of Mornington, acquired a singular celebrity. In him was illustrated one of those instances of precocious musical talent which astonish all who witness them, and remain inexplicable by metaphysical or other rules. While yet in the arms of his nurse, and before he was able to put a complete sentence together, he distinguished the performance of his father, who was an excellent violinist, from that of Dubourg, a professor, so nicely, that when the latter visited at Dangan Castle, the child would not suffer his father to play; and during the performance of the most difficult pieces, he beat time with so much accuracy as to lead those present to conclude that he could not mark it untruly. At the age of nine years he was persuaded, by a painter employed in the mansion, to take up a violin and attempt to play; and, in the space of a few hours, he learned the old catches of 'The Christ Church Bells' and 'Sing one, two, three—come follow me.' A neighbouring clergyman was much applauded for the composition of a new country dance; and this little circumstance secretly worked upon the feelings of the embryo musician so acutely, that he now turned composer, and, without the assistance or knowledge of any one, produced a minuet, the bass of which he wrote in treble clef. He next composed a seranata, consisting of three parts, not yet having had any instruction, nor even having heard music, except his father's playing on the violin, and his sister's on the harpsichord, and not having attained his fourteenth year. His father, observing the extraordinary musical genius of his son, told him that he had an intention of presenting an organ to the parish church, if his son had been capable of acting as organist. The youth immediately promised that if his father would only order an organ to be built, he would be fully prepared to play the most difficult music by the time of its erection; which promise he actually fulfilled, playing fugues extempore, the moment the instrument was set up, to the amazement of his father and friends, who had never before heard him execute a single bar, nor had he an instrument to practise on. In process of time his lordship read, studied, and composed music; and although he never received any instruction in that pleasing science, Rosengrave and Geminiani, who examined his compositions, declared that they were agreeable to all the established rules, and that he seemed intimately acquainted also with their proper exceptions. In the early part of his life he was always most pleased with simple melodies, but subsequently he exhibited a strong predilection for church music and full harmony. He was ultimately so distinguished as a musical composer and performer, that the university of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor and Professor of Music; and a chant which he composed continues to this day to be performed in the churches of Dublin. Amongst the most admired of his vocal compositions are, 'Here in cool grot,' 'When for the world's repose,' 'Twas you, sir,' 'Gently hear me, charming maid,' 'Come fairest nymph,' and 'By greenwood tree.' Writers of musical biography have distinguished five from among those that were most conspicuous by a display of musical talent in infancy: they are Mozart, Charles Wesley, Samuel Wesley. Crotch and Lord Mornington."—*Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington.*

MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE,—Mr. Astley, of horsemanship notoriety, was anything but a faithful disciple of Lindley Murray, nor was he the most profound musical theorist in the world, as the following anecdotes will testify. When the band at his Amphitheatre was playing the overture to some new piece, Astley, who was standing in the ring, observed the horn players were not blowing; he went up to them in a great rage, and cried out, "Why the devil don't you play as well as the rest of these here chaps?" One of the performers said, "We have twenty bars rest, Sir." "Twenty devils rest!" (cried he of the whip and spur), "I don't pay you for resting; play away, or I'll lay this here whip across your lazy shoulders." On another occasion one of the singers complained that a song she had to sing was too high for her, on which great A. as he used to be called, bounced to the leader of the band and said, "I say, you sir, play that ere tune a bar lower for this here voman when she squeaks it at night."

CRAMER is at present being *fêted* by his musical friends at Paris. At the last *soirée* given by the Society of St. Cecilia, he contributed his quota to the harmony of the evening.

The "four and twenty fiddlers all in a row," must now give place to the "forty mountain singers," who, after giving concerts innumerable in their route through Belgium and France, have at length arrived in that focus for all wonders—Paris. "We have not room to-day," says the editor of *La France Musicale*, in his last number, "to enter into any details respecting this 'Musical Institution,' but its lofty aim may be best surmised in these four words inscribed on its banner—'RELIGION, NATIVE-LAND, CIVILIZATION, FINE ARTS!' Mercy on us! Orpheus was a fool and a ballad-monger compared to this!

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

To-day—The Meeting of the Melodists' Club.
To-morrow Morning—Miss Bruce and J. Parry's Concert, at the Hanover Rooms.
To-morrow Evening—The Choral Fund Concert, ditto.
Saturday Morning—Rehearsal of the 7th Philharmonic; also Brizzi and Sidlatzek's Concert—In the Evening, Mr. C. S. Evans's Concert, Crown and Anchor Tavern.
Monday Morning, 12 o'clock—Rehearsal of the Messiah at the Hanover Rooms—and Labarre's Concert.
Monday Evening—The Seventh Philharmonic Concert.
Tuesday Morning—Mr. Salaman's Concert and Mr. Handel Gear's in the evening.
Wednesday Morning—Mori's Concert—In the Evening the performance of the Messiah at the Hanover Rooms for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians.
Thursday Morning—Mr. Potter's Concert, and Mr. Neate's third *Soirée* in the evening.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS, READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several letters having been addressed, last week and this, to a gentleman, whose editorial superintendence of "The Musical World" commenced on the 2nd instant, and terminated on the 23d, and who has no longer any connection with it, all correspondents are prayed, of their courtesy, to address their communications "To the Editor of the Musical World, care of Mr. Hooper, 15, Pall-Mall, East," since no letters otherwise addressed, or bearing the name of any individual presumed to be connected with the M. W., will be taken in.

The above necessary notice involves the announcement of a change of Editor, who begs to state that he has undertaken the office at every disadvantage of want of notice and preparation, through friendship for the Proprietor of the M. W.; and that he entrusts its well-wishers and subscribers to give him breathing-time to complete the arrangements which he has in contemplation.

The songs of X. Z. are declined, with thanks.

Requests having been received of notices of concerts to come, the writers are informed that no notice of any concert will be given in the M. W. until it has taken place, except in the orthodox and regular shape of an advertisement, or under the head of "CONCERTS OF THE WEEK." The notices so reported are *Puffs*; and whilst the present Editor holds his office, such *animalcula* shall not soil the pages of the M. W.

No answer can be given to any communication, or advertisement be inserted in the current number, received by our Agent after two o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon.

The Title and Index are unavoidably postponed. They will be inserted with our next number.

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MELODIA SACRA.

Just published, a new and improved edition of

MELODIA SACRA; or, 150 Psalms of David, according to the Authorized Version: with Music, by Ancient and Modern Authors (suitable to the most popular Hymns), arranged for One, Two, Three, or Four Voices, and the Organ or Pianoforte, by DAVID WEYMAN, late Vicar Choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Edited by DR. JOHN SMITH. Composer to the Chapel Royal, Dublin. No. 1. containing 84 pages of Music (the first Fifty Psalms), royal 4to price 6s. half-bound. To be completed in 3 Numbers.

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BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS for the Pianoforte, Edited by J. Moscheles, complete in 3 vols. 42s. each.

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CHORAL FUND.—Under the Patronage of Her MAJESTY the QUEEN, the QUEEN DOWAGER, and the ROYAL FAMILY.—The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general are respectfully informed that the ANNUAL CONCERT in aid of the Afflicted and Distressed Members, Widows, and Orphans of the above Institution, will take place on FRIDAY EVENING next, May 31, at the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square. The following eminent Performers have offered their gratuitous assistance:—Leader of the Band, Mr. F. Cramer; Conductor, Mr. W. Knyvett. Madame Stockhausen, Madlle. Bildstein, Madame Albertazzi, Madame Balfe, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss S. Pyne, Miss L. Pyne, and Mrs. W. Knyvett, Signor Ivanoff, Messrs. Braham, Balfe, H. Phillips, Bennett, Hobbs, Moxley, and John Parry. Miss Chipp (pupil of Madame Dulcken) will perform on the Pianoforte: a Fantasia on the Violin, by Mr. Mori, jun.; a Fantasia, Cornet, by Mr. Harper, jun.

JOHN EAMES, Secretary and Collector,
No. 3, Church Place, Bedford St., Covent Garden.

MR. HANDEL GEAR has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAY, June 4th, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent available foreign and native talent now in town. Further particulars will be shortly announced. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, to be had of Messrs. Addison and Beale, 201, Regent Street; Charles Olivier, 41, New Bond Street; and Mr. Handel Gear, 16, Berners Street.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

THE LIVERPOOL BEEF STEAK CLUB offer a GOLD MEDAL of the value 20/-, or its equivalent, for the best approved GLEE, serious or cheerful, for three or four equal voices. Also a Prize of Twenty Pounds for the most approved composition (not Sacred) for three or more equal voices, with an obligato Pianoforte accompaniment. The Copies, which must not be in the handwriting of the Composers, to be sent to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, addressed to the Secretary, on or before the 30th of September, accompanied by a sealed envelope, enclosing the name and address, and endorsed with a corresponding motto. The unsuccessful compositions to remain in the possession of the Club, (not interfering with the copyright).—Notice of the decision will be given to each Candidate in January, 1840.

M. LABARRE'S CONCERT.

—Mesdames Gisi, Persiani, Pauline Garcia, Stockhausen, Ernesta Gisi, Tati, Bildstein, Woodyatt, Wyndham, and Labarre; Signori Rubini, Tamburini, and Labache; M. Döhler on the Pianoforte; M. Hausman on the Violin; M. Alex. Batta on the Violoncello, and M. Labarre on the Harp, assisted by several other Artists of the most distinguished talent, will appear in the Concert Room of her Majesty's Theatre, on MONDAY, June 3, at Two o'Clock precisely.—M. Labarre respectfully solicits an early application for boxes and stalls at his residence, 19, Golden-square; of Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street, and Charles Olivier, 41, New Bond-street.

MORI'S GRAND MORNING

CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, June 5th, at Half-past One o'Clock.—Mesdames Gisi and Persiani will sing the Duo "Se fuggire." Madmes. Persiani and Pauline Garcia, the Duo "Lasciami non t'asolito;" Madlle. Dorus Gras (Prima Donna of the French Grand Opera, Paris), two celebrated Songs, and the Duo "Sull'aria," with Mme. Stockhausen; also a selection from Mozart's Figaro; Gisi, Persiani, P. Garcia, Dorus Gras, Stockhausen, Monanni, E. Gisi, and Miss F. Wyndham; Rubini, Ivanhoff, Tamburini, Labache, and F. Labache; Döhler, a Grand Fantasia on the Pianoforte; Hausmann (the celebrated Belgian Violinist) a Grand Fantasia; a Grand Duo for two Pianofortes by Mme. Dulcken and M. Döhler; Grand Concertante for four Violins, David, Mori, Blagrove, and N. Mori, Jun.; Messrs. J. B. Chatterton and Richardson, a Concertante Duo for Harp and Flute. The Orchestra will be on a grand scale.—Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Signor Costa.—Boxes, stalls and tickets, and Programmes, to be had of Mori and Lavena, 28, New Bond Street.—An early application is requested.

THE MISSES BROADHURST and

MR. BLAGROVE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on SATURDAY, June the 8th, at which Madame Dorus Gras, the celebrated Parisian Vocalist, Madame Albertazzi, Madame Stockhausen, and Madame Balfe; Signor Ivanoff, Mr. Balfe, and Signor Tamburini; Signor Dragonetti, Mr. Lindley, Signor Regard, Mr. Blagrove, and the Misses Broadhurst's will assist.—In the course of the Concert Maurer's celebrated Quartett for Four Violins will be performed for the last time this Season, by Messrs. David, Mori, Blagrove, and Loder.—Conductor, Sir George Smart. Leader, Mr. Loder.—Stalls and tickets to be procured at the residences of the Misses Broadhurst and Mr. Blagrove; and at the principal Music Warehouses.

MR. ELIASON'S GRAND CON-

CERT.—Mesdames Gisi, Persiani, Dorus Gras, Stockhausen, Albertazzi, Balfe, &c.; Signori Rubini, Ivanoff, Balfe, F. Labache, Tamburini, and Labache, &c.—Messrs. Moscheles, Benedict, Schulz and Rosenhain on the Pianoforte, who will perform for the first and only time this Season, Czerny's Concertante for Four Piano-fortes; Leonard Schulz, Guitar; Puzzi, Horn; Eliason and Hausman Violin, will appear on FRIDAY MORNING, June 7th, at Half past One o'Clock precisely, in the Concert Room of her Majesty's Theatre, assisted by several other distinguished Artists.—Conductor, M. Benedict.—Tickets, boxes and stalls to be had of Addison Beale, 201, Regent Street; Charles Olivier, 41, New Bond Street; and Mr. Eliason, 30, Maddox Street.

TWO FIRST-RATE VIOLON-

CELLOS, by FORSTER, SEN., FOR SALE.—May be seen at 3, Huntley Street, Gower Street, near University College.

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